THE STAR.

Chalked.

How I won my darling? This is all the tale: On the broad Atlantic We were under sail.

Wide outspread, the water Rippled in the light: Swiftly on the quarter Hove a sail in sight.

In its onward speeding We, with eyes intent, Ev'ry movement heeding, Watched it as it went,

Soon it pass'd, and fleetly Rosa darling flew, "To the Bow !' cried sweetly 'There the better view.'

Luckless victim ! Smartly Jack was to the fore, Quick for fun, though partly Bent on grog galore.

All absorb'd he found her Lost to fee or fine; Knelt, and deftly round her Chalk'd a magic line.

By the circle bounded, What might set her free? Coin or kiss? Surrounded. Smiled she then on me.

Like the prison'd starling, Caught and ill at ease, "Do,' she clied-the darling !-Do un-chalk me, please !

I obeyed, and won her-Mine to have and hold-In a defter circle, In a ring of gold.

SELECT STORY. The Doctor's Valentine.

IFE is a bore, said Doctor Krewson, savagely, poking out the fire in his office grate. The sooner it's past in his pocket, he ran out of doors to en- pense for the love you give me, then? the better !

Nonsense I dear; he saw you in the calling of yours. Both of you are goodlooking; to my notion, the cases are worst of it; he raised you from the ing is given as an instance of "drawing equal, and I advise you to try fate at dead ; will yon return his kindness by the line" :- In Lexington, Missouri, an once. The doctor shook his head. refusing to see him? So when, next morning, Krewson heard a 'moon struck chap' say he lov-A poor dog of a physician is no match for the lovely and accoomplished Miss came, he was admitted as usual.

Rivers. You under-rate yourself, man. Faint heart never won fair lady. doctor meditatively. you reason you may depend she does. gained her affection.

pleasure at his friend's words.

They say she upset the lamp.

Dying, I heard.

Who told you?

not.

bed-ide.

Her good looks completely ruined.

Oh! poor thing! she can't live, they

Very bad; her groans are heart rend-

Another moment, and Dr. Krewson

was in the presence oi the one he loved.

Yesterday so beautiful, with perfect,

physical charms-now, alas! changed

in form and feature by the dreadful

flame fiend. No one could have recog-

nized sweet Lucy Rivers in the almost

loathsomely disfigured countenance that

lay against the pillows. The most ex-

perienced doctors of the place were

there, doing their best for the squire's

daughter, but all felt that their efforts

Not much hope, Krewson, whispered

Did they see the anguish of despair

in his face--the hopeless love struggling

unasked, to try his power to soothe and

heal? He took his place as by right, no

one, as the young man approached the

were, in every probability, in vain.

ed a certain young lady well enough to I have been looking at the change of die for her, whereupon the Caucasian face that terrible accident wrought, doc- indited the following lines :- I'd lie for tor, said Lucy, with a shiver of horror her. I'd sigh for her; I'd drink a gro-

I think she likes me a little said the at the thought. St. Valentine's Day cery dry for her; I'd cuss for her, do will not be a very pleasant anniversary wuss for her; I'd kick up a thundering fuss for her; I'd weep for her; I'd leap If you think so, and she has given to me in future, I was thinking. The doctor, in answer, produced from for her; I'd go without my sleep for for she's no flirt-never was; and you're his inside pocket a letter, somewhat her; I'd fight for her; I'd bite for her; the luckiest fellow I know, if you have worn as if by constant carrying, and I'd walk the streets all night for her; laid it in Lucy's hand. He could hear I'd plead for her; I'd bleed for her;

And, continued Meadows, waxing

The doctor flushed and smiled with his own heart beat as he said, striving I'd go without my feed for her; I'd shoot for her; I'd boot for her, a rival vainly to he calm,-It is a little late to present you with who'd come to suit for her; I'd kneel a valentine I intended should reach you for her, I'd steal for her, such is the

DRAWING THE LINE.-The follow-

eloquent, as he warmed with his subject, at the appropriate time; I trust it may love I feel for her; I'd slide for her; how do you know that she is not miserbe acceptable even now. And then he I'd ride for her; I'd swim 'gainst wind able also because of your foolishness? If she really loves you, and has, yes, was silent while she read what he had and tide for her; I'd try for her; I'd cry for her-but hang me if I'd die for ready for your question, what must be written.

A manly letter, couched in language her. N. B.-Or any other woman. her feelings that you uncourteously, untender and true,' was what she perused kindly, withold the momentous words A Scotchman, having hired himself

that would be the key to your mutual with burning cheeks and tearful eyes. It had been written just before the fire, to a farmer had a cheese set down before life-long happiness !

The dictor was evidently touched by she saw by the date, just before she had him that he might help himself. The this ingenious argumont; so Meadows lost her beauty. In it he referred to master said to him, Sandy you take a brought his remarks to a triumphant not one personal charm she possessed, long time at breakfast, in troth master, but only to her true womanliness, indi. he answered, a cheese o' this size is nae conclusion by saying,-Tc.morrow is St. Valentine's Day. cated by her warm, affectionate heart sae soon eaten as ye may think.

Get up a proposal in your very best and charming manners.

Doctor, said a person once more to a But how could she think of giving to style of writing; earry it yourself to the house, and present it to the fair one as any man her disfigured self? The surgeon, my daughter had a terrible fit your valentine : watch the effect : I shall ' doctor's valentine' dropped from her this morning ; she continued full half call around in the evening to congratu. hands, and with eyes cast down she con- an hour without knowledge or understanding. Oh, replied the doctor, nevlate you. For the present, adieu. sidered the question. You pity me, she said at length. You er mind that; many people continue so After Meadows had gone, the doctor

sat considering the pros and cons of the would not have given me this-you all their lives. important life-step he thought of tak- would still have withheld it-had you

ing. Love and Meadow's opinions, to- not pitied me. gether, conquered the young man's pride I only know I love you, said he, in a and finally, he drew his writing-desk to- voice whose rich, unfaltering tones car-

wards him, aud commenced the con- ried conviction. Then, with a confistruction of his valentine. He was dis- dence that surprised himself, he caught cork (Cork); but come down the turbed in his delightful occupation by her to his arms, saying: My own, my Thames, and you will find lighter men (lighter-men). the sound of fire-bells, but paid no at- life, you shall not say nay! I snatched

tention to them at first; at length the you for my bride from the very embrace uproar in the streets became alarming, of death. Let that plead my cause. and, having sealed his letter and put it | Will gratitude be a sufficient recom-

quire the whereabouts of the fire. His said Lucy, nestling to him, heart stood still when a man said,-But you do love me a little, dear, he



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Meanwhile, don't make existence. quite insufferable by turning your room into Greenland, said his visitor, Meadows. philosophically. If your meditations are of a suicidal turn, pray indulge mundane sphere.

Nonsense, Meadows ! you are a coldhearted wretch. Just when I need sympathy most, you begin with your execrable chaffing.

To be serious, then, O amiable phy- burning of the squire's daughter. So, sician, wherefore hast thou bidden me to thy mansion ?

Mansion, indeed! said the doctor, with a scornful glance around the scanhis brain reeling with anguish. tily-furnished apartment, curling his lip bitterly, as he spoke. Meadows, do you not see why I am miserable?

You are poor, I know-

Yes, and proud! Too proud to curry favor with the rich and great.

But you are handsome, (don't deny it!) You are intelligent; and, if you choose to move in it, the best circle in society is open to you.

So I am aware; that is the bright side you have shown me, But there is a darker side, dark enough to overshadow me utterly.

My dear fellow, you are too dispond. ent! Is it because you have so little practice you are worried? Cheer up; you'll have more patients than you can number after awhile.

But after a while is so long coming that it will be worthless when it comes at last.

How so? You've no one but yourself to care for, Surely you can earn enough for that.

The deepening of the gloom on this friend's face gave Meadows an idea. Leaning over, he looked straight into Krewson's eyes.

You're in love, he said suddenly. The strong, bearded man blushed like

e girl at the accusation. Oh, no ! said he.

Oh, yes ! said Meadows, Who is she

If you must know, said the doctor, there-that they silently made way and slowly, and I'm sure I can trust you gave to him the opportunity, free and with my secret. Charley, it is-Lucy Rivers.

Phew I whistled Meadows, for Lucy longer the timid, irresolute man his was the only child of the richest man in friend had rallied two short hours ago, the town. You aim high, Krewsor. but the physician, calm, self reliant.

To no purpose, replied the doctor. summoning to his aid all the knowledge Well, I don't doubt that-the lady of ages to assist him in the restoration herself is the proper person to consult. of his love.

And consult her I shall not till I can Success crowned bis efforts. Though meet her on equal terms, so far as St. Valentine's Day rese upon Lucy money is concerned. No one, I am Rivers, almost dead from pain, it set resolved, shall have the faintest shadow of an excuse for charging me with mer. her faithful doctor (no less was he her cenary motives when I go counting. faithful nurse) attended her constantly,

It's up at the squire's, and they say replied, and searched her eyes for a rethe young lady is injured terribly bad, ply.

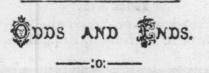
It was eminently satisfactory-the for it broke out in her room. Krewson remembered ever after with eloquent answer of those deep blue orbs them to yo r own discomfort alone, and take pity on those of yonr associates who are not yet so anxious to quit this gedy of which his "nearest dearest" was the victim. The whole town was out- waist.

men, women, even children-for the Hey! what's this? cried the father. burning of the squire's house was an This is my valentine, sir, said the event of momentous importance, not doctor, pointing to his betrothed. With to mention the exciting rumour of the your permission I'll claim her at once. Two months later there was a quiet as the young physician pushed his way wedding at the squire's. It was at first through the throng, he caught discon- intended there should be no bridesmaid. nected fragments of the story that set but Meadows said he should feel slight-

ed if he was not asked to be best man. Who, he demanded, has a better All burned about the face and neck. right?

And now, after a lapse of years, that CONCEPTION BAY WEEKLY REhas made her mother and grandmother

of a host of beautiful sons and daught ers, Lucy Krewson declares to husband and friends that ' There's no day so de day morning, at his Office, (opposite the lightful as St. Valentine's Day."



A married gentleman, every time he half-yearly. met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, becoming weary of the grumblings of his son in-law, the old tinued to any subscriber for a less term gentleman exclaimed : You are right, than six months.

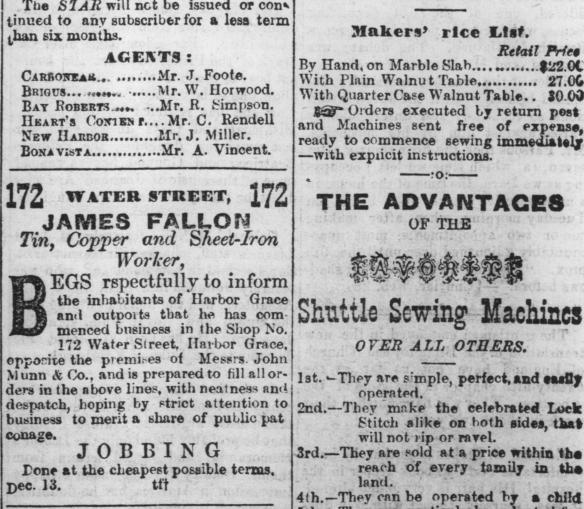
she is an impertiuent jade, and if I hear any more complaints of her I will disinherither. The husband made no more complaints.

And your father, said a boarding. school lad to his companion, has only sent you two dollars; he must be a mighty mean man, Well, I don't know two dollars is considerable, replied the other, whenever my father sends, he nev er thinks of offering me less than ten. How often does he send? Never.

I don't want mother to marry again, said a little boy one day at breakfast. Why not ? was asked with some surprise. Because, said he, I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting opposite the premises of Messrs. John acquainted with another.

A Lady teacher in an Iowa school made a boy stand up and show how he conage. kissed the big girls in the wood shed, in hopes that he would shed tears, and promise to do so no more. All the boys Dec. 13. are leaving the other schools now, and

An old coloured washerwoman, who used to groan over the tub. found con-



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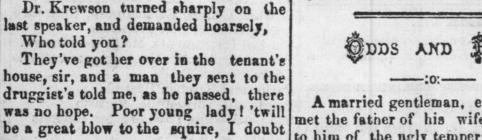
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But Miss Rivers is the heiress of half never weary, never absent, till at lastafter many weeks-she arose convales- solation in the hope that she would soon **DIVIDEND** on the capital Stock a million. of this Company, at the rate of ten No. 2SINGER And I shall never be worth that sum; cent. Her face was scarred and seam- be where robes won't need washing, and per cent per annum, for the half-year, therefore, but one state remains to me- ed-her beauty gone utterly, never to a poor creature can upset her tub, and enoing 31.t December 1873, will be pay MANUFACTURING MACHINES. return. When her mirror revealed to dance on the bottom of it, singing glory able at the Banking House, in Duckbachelorhood-and I am miserable. worth Street, on and after TULSDAY New Improved Patron, Krewson, you are a misanthrope. her this fact she would fain have hidden hulabaloo, forever and forever ! the 6th inst., during the usual hours of That sensitive pride of yours interferes herself from all the world. F. W. FOWLEN, St. John's, Agent for Newfoundland bus ness. sadly with your prospet. You are a I will not even see the doctor, father, Why is the first chicken of a brood By order of the Board, memeber of a time-honored profession ; she said in a burst of tears. I am hid. like the mainmast of a ship ?-- Because ALEXR. A. PARSONS, R. BROWN, she has wealth to Lalance that honorable leous. Sub Agent Harbor Grace lit's a little ahead of the main hatch. St: John's January 3, Manager